

WHIZ COMICS

10¢



CAPTAIN MARVEL
Mightiest of Mortals!

WHIZ COMICS' TRADING POST

NOTE: If you are interested in any of these articles offered for trade, WRITE DIRECT to the boy or girl whose name and address appear in the Swap Notice. PLEASE DO NOT SEND your letter to WHIZ COMICS.

Will trade Pig Business Card and Dairy B.B. gun for electric train with transformer or some other valuable article. Write to: Charles Vincent, Birmingham, Missouri.

Will trade Falcon Cavalier Camera for Daisy Camera B.B. gun in good condition. Write to: Paul Ross, 1261 Adams Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Will trade good Unesco Kodak for stamps or what have you? Write to: Ron Adams, Jr., 1416 26th Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Will trade excellent B.B. pistol for a good printing press and type. Write to: Gary LaRocca, 364 Vine St., Porterville, Calif.

Am interested in buying small gas engine for bicycle. Write to: Robert Kuznetsov, 888 Forest Ave., Wyandotte, Mich.

Will trade B.B. gun for a chemistry set or what have you? Write to: Samuel Bailey, 1124 Grand St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Will trade camera in good condition. Write to: Bob Johnson, 414 West First St., Grand Island, Nebraska.

Will trade model airplane for anything of interest. Write to: Fred Targum, 1811 Marquette, Toledo, O.

Will trade 500 different stamps for a game of Monopoly. Write to: Harry Hasky, 1280 N. Clair Ave., W. Takoma, Cal., Canada.

Will trade rare stamp collection for Red Ryder Air Rifle or something else. Write to: Maxwell Kohn, 1018 North Marshall St., Chicago, Ill.

Will trade "Treasure Island" book, double pencil and pencil printing press, for what have you? Write to: Aron Targum, Four Lakeside Ave., Lynn, Mass.

Will trade good collection of foreign stamps for what have you? Write to: Robert Goldblatt, 883 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Will trade a new tube radio in good condition for a gas model airplane something small. Write to: Billy D. Trammell, Maryland, Ohio.

Will trade old shot gun chambered for P shells, single shot, for full automatic. Write to: Burton Britton, General Delivery, McFarland, Calif.

Will trade a 20 Winchester single shot rifle 12 gauge single shot gun, 14 gauge single shot gun, and a 24 Winchey rifle a shot for what have you. Write to: Don Huggs, Jackson County, Jackson, Ohio.

Will trade flashlight or flashlight in case but in a microscope set, all in good condition, for a camera or box camera. Write to: Ed Harney, 101 E. 11th St., New York, N. Y.

Will trade 60 kg. tube heater in good condition for anything that pleases me. Write to: Ed Portford, 428 Joseph Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

Will trade a good Range-Flite for a good typewriter. Write to: Lyle Sanders, P. O. Box 416, Nacato, Texas.

Will trade crystal radio set with earphones, aerial wire, and ground wire, all in good condition for a set of three or some other valuable article. Write to: Forrest Morgan, 1271 Lincoln Place, Bronx, N. Y.

Will trade Walker's gold watch. Will trade two good 12 gauge. Write to: Francis D. Bailliere, Box 412, East Colorado, Texas.

Will trade a Parkwick Picking camera for a respectable offer. Write to: Alexander O. Barwick, Box Hondo, Texas.

Will exchange Army medals for Navy medals. Write to: James P. Emmert, 77 Elm St., North Amherst, Mass.

Will trade Royal Kays with compass for a good microscope or telescope. Write to: Arthur Nelson, 1011 Tenth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Will trade new pocket heater for printing press, chemistry set or something else. Write to: James A. Bishop, Wilkesboro, Pa.

Will trade Mercury Mouse sled in good condition. Write to: Myron Pustel, Jr., 176 Belmont Ave., Newark, N. J.

Will trade Kodak Unesco camera with guarantee for Ray Anson camera or camera or beautiful camera. Write to: Charles W. Kohler, 127 Belmont St., Palosau, Conn.

Will trade B.B. gun, electric train, small radio, camera's phone, camera's glove for what have you? Write to: Harold Perlmutter, 441 Palmside St., Jacksonville, N. Y.

Will trade books, microscope and flashlight camera for 1/2 B stamps in good condition. Write to: Helen Sullivan, Charles City, Iowa.

Will trade a Lionel Transformer 100 sets, 10 crystals, in perfect condition for a P.B. gun. Write to: Rudolph Kovacs, 28 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Will trade 40 in. make a 1000 watt microphone amplifying device, etc. for a pair of eyeglasses and optical set. Write to: James Butler, 107 Marlboro Ave., W. View, Pa.

Will trade radio with 5 tubes for movie picture projector or motion picture camera. Write to: Richard Wright, 1612 Third St., Flint, Mich.

Will trade 1 kg. tube heater for a single shot B.B. gun. Write to: Paul Weiss, Bridge St., West City, Pa.

Will trade Daker air rifle single shot for any reasonable article. Write to: Justin Stroup, 1286 Calumet Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Will trade Wilson Washington headrig body with leather cloth for what have you. Write to: John Barker, 1248 Northfield Rd., Bridgeport, Conn.

Will trade a 10 mm. Kymant Mirror Projector, having 1000 exposed camera for printing press. Write to: J. Martin, 74 Third St., Somerville, Mass.

Will trade for stamps for Red Ryder 100 shot action B.B. gun. Write to: Arthur Silverman, 206 Cooper Ave., N. Y.

Will trade a 100 shot air rifle for woodchuck set. Write to: H. F. Rogers, 100 W. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

P.S.

If you have something to trade—and you're looking for someone to trade with—write and a Swap Notice like those printed above will send it to us.

Trading Post, WHIZ COMICS, 100 Broadway, New York City.

We'll print your Swap Notice in the first available issue of WHIZ COMICS—ABSOLUTELY FREE. All we ask is that you be completely honest in your Swap Notice and do not misrepresent any article offered for trade.



AMIDST IN THE MIST OF THIS CHASE, DAILY SPREADS THE MAGIC WORD THAT BURNS HIM INTO CAPTAIN MARVEL.



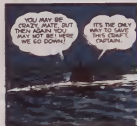
I WON'T BLAME YOU— ONLY THAT SPELL THAT'S UPON YOUR HAND.

















SPY SMASHED BOWS BLOWS ON CAPT. MARVEL, WHO STANDS AND TAKES THE ATTACK.



BUT AT THIS MOMENT THE MEMORANDUM OF THE
WIND LORD ARRIVES.

DIS THE DER
PLACE I SEE?
DER BYOO-
SUB!

Smash!

DIS BOMB
WILL GO-SMASH
DER BOY-SMASHED
-YET!

GOOT
BLOT
GAYER!

GOOT-BYE
HE DO, GOY-
SMASHED!

I'VE COME TO MYSELF AGAIN. I OWE YOU
A THOUSAND THANKS, CAPT. MARVEL,
AND A THOUSAND APOLOGIES—

LOOK
CAPT.
BOMB!



NO TIME TO THROW THE BOMB BACK—CAPTAIN
MARVEL BOMBS HIMSELF BETWEEN THE EXPLO-
SION AND THE DEAMONDEED BOY-SMASHED.

BOY
SMASHED!
ALONG
YET!

GRAB
HIM, WE
MADE HIM
PRISONER!

SAVED BY CAPTAIN MARVEL'S QUICK ACT, BOY
SMASHED IS THROWN INTO THE OPEN—AT THE
VERY FEET OF HIS ENEMIES.

QUICK!
WE TAKE HIM
TO ROOM'S
SAFE!



AN HE'D SPOKE SAUGHED
DID SHOE US ON DEE
OOOED FOOT NOW YA?
YOU JOHN DEE WAD
I OOOO OOO-

I'VE DONE FOOLISH THINGS
I'VE BECOME SANE AGAIN!
MY ANSWER IS AND!
DO YOUR WORST AND
I'LL LAUGH AT
YOU!

IN THE CAFE-

YOU HEAR DOT, GEYER? HE SAYS HE CAN
DO OUR WORST, AND HE'LL LAUGH YE!!

WAIT TILL DYS MOON ISG HOT—
HE VILL LAUGH OUT OF DEE
OOOED SIDE OF
HIS MOUTH,
YA?



SOY SAUGHED IN F-ONE HANDS—
CADE MARVEL, DRIVING TO HIS
RESQVE—

← **THE NEXT**

TURN AT ONCE TO PAGE

29

FOR THE TREMENDOUS CLIMAX TO THIS
ADVENTURE!

GOLDEN ARROW



IN THE WILD AND WICKED WEST WHERE RIGHT SEEMS TO MAKE RIGHT, THE WIFE BUT HONEST CITIZEN HAVE A STRAIGHT DEFENDER NAMED GOLDEN ARROW.



CLEAVE, BOOTH, PRESIDENT OF THE VILLAGE BANK, GETS AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.



THAT'S TO TEACH YOU IT AIN'T POLITE TO KEEP YOUR HAT ON IN THE HOUSE, BARRED BREEKIN! I THINK YOU ALSO NEED A LESSON IN GENEROSITY NEXT. HAND OVER THE GOLD!













POOD BEHIND—HE DOESN'T KNOW
THAT POOD GOLDEN ARROW IS MOVING
—AND LIKELY DEAD!



I'VE GOT
A GREAT IDEA.



EVERYBODY COME OUT, I AMT GOING
TO HURT YOU! JUST GOT A GREAT IDEA
I'VE DECIDED TO EJECT MYSELF
MAYOR OF THIS TOWN.



THE CRUEL
MAYOR POSTTESTS.

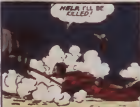
AH, BUT IT WILL BE EASY ENOUGH
TO GET RID OF YOU, YOUR HONOR.
HO! HO! HO!

BUT NEWBORN
ALREADY GOT A PRISON
—AND I'M HERE!



SUCCESS HAS BORN THE BADMAN A BOY BOB.

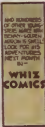
HELLO, I'LL BE
KILLED?



THE BADMAN FIRST THREW THE MAYOR TO A HORSE,
AND BECAUSE THE HORSE WALLOWING OFF.

BUT A GOLDEN ARROW SAILS THROUGH THE
CLOUDS AND FREE'S THE MAYOR.





LANEY, CRANFY AND CAPTAIN BOON WERE DRIVEN AWAY FROM AN ISLAND - TO A TROPICAL ISLAND IN THE ANTARCTIC OCEAN! THEY HAD BEEN TAKEN THERE BY A VOLCANO EXPLOSION - LOST TO THE WORLD FOR TEN YEARS. HUNTED BY CARIBBEANS, THEY SOUGHT SAFETY WITHIN THE CRATERS OF A VOLCANO. NOW - HERE THEY ARE - REACHING THE RIFT. INTO A SEA OF SWIRLING SMOKE AND FLAMES.

Lance O'CASEY

YES - BUT HOW ABOUT THIS VOLCANO, MR. HALLS?

WE'RE SAFE FROM THOSE CARIBBEANS!

THEY ARE SPIED UPON BY MADRIDO - A COAZED MEXICAN SAILOR, WHO LIVES IN A CAVE IN THE VOLCANO'S WALLS.

HA, WHITEHEADS! THEY TOO WILL FEEL WHEN THEY SEE ME - PLAY THE GOD OF FEAR! HA! HA!

SUPPOSE THE BOY (AND GIRLS)!

YES - WE MUST HURRY TO THE BIG CAVERN!

HEH, HEH! YOU'LL NEVER GET BACK - NEVER!

WHERE IS THIS CAVE OF GOLD?

SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE, I FIGURE - MIGHTY, I RECALL.

WOULD THEY WANT MY GOLD? NO-NO! I SAVE MY GOLD! I DO NOW!

I REEL FOR MY GOLD!

AS THEY WENT ALONG A NARROW TUNNEL WITHIN THE CRATER, A NARROW RUMBLE STARTLED THEM.

- THAT, NOISE! WHAT WAS IT?

CLOSE TO ME, WALL! EVERYBODY, QUICK!

BY SECRET WAYS, MADRIDO DURS TO PROTECT HIS GOLDEN HOARD.



REACHING A CLIFF IN THE LEAVE,
THEY GRAB UPON A CANYON.



HERE
IT IS!
THE CAVE OF
THE GOLDEN
HOARD!

AWAY!
AWAY!
GOLD!

LEAVE! HEARD A BUMP!



AWAY!
AWAY!

LEAVE!
GOLD!



AWAY!
AWAY!

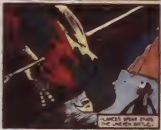
BEHOLD!
THE GOLD!
BLAST
YOU!

THE SHORT BUSTED ATTACKS
THE GOLD HOARD.



HOLD STILL, MYSTER HOARD-
I'M GOING TO THROW THIS SPEAR!

THE GOLDEN
HOARD DRIFTING
DOWNHILL!



FLAMES'S SPEAR STAYS
THE GOLDEN HOARD.



LEAVE! CANYON POOM AND PHILLIS
ENTER THE CAVE.

THERE
IT IS -
THE
GOLDEN HOARD!

CHIEF'S
OF GOLD BOLD!
SAYING
IN TONIGHT!



NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT! BUT HOW TO
GET THIS GOLD ON BOARD YOUR SHIP.

BUT HOW
CAN WE GET
OUT? THE TOWN'S
GONE!

IMPOSSIBLE, FIGHTING THROUGH A SHOOT OUT
KIMMY ONLY TO HIMSELF, PLANS A WAY TO
PROTECT HIS TREASURE.



LUCKY I
OWN THESE
THEIR TALK
OF A TANK—
BUT NO—
STEAL IT AND
GO AWAY!

BUT MR. ROBIN AND ANGEL, DISCOVER WHY IS
HE STARTS DOWN THE ROPE, THEY START UP!



WHO!
WHY YOU
YOU MONKEYS!

WHAT'S
COMING ON
OUT THERE?



GRG-
CHEE!

GET
OUT!
NOW!

GO ON,
MONKEYS—
CATCH
MEAN!



HAHAHA!
THEY CRAZE
MONKEYS!



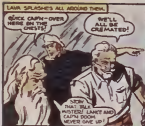
ANOTHER
EXPLANATION
CATCH!



COME ON, WALLS—WE GOTTA FIND
A WAY OUT, HERE!



TOO LATE, LANCE—
LOOK AT THE LIPS
COMING TOWARD
US!



AS LANCE, DURING THE SECOND LAD, RUSHES TO
 THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE, HE HEARS THE FOLLOWING:

LANCE! COME BACK!
 MULLIS HAS FARTED!
 WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM
 OUT OF HERE!

OHAY,
 CAPTN!



THIS WAY, LANCE! HERE'S THE TUNNEL,
 WHERE MULLIS AND THE
 MONKS WENT!

AYE-AYE
 SAILOR!

INTO THE TUNNEL WHERE THE LAD CANNOT
 REACH THEM!!

ARE YOU ALL
 RIGHT NOW,
 MULLIS?

YES - THOSE
 PLANKS ALMOST
 GOT ME!

LET'S GO
 AFTER MULLIS
 THEM! THIS WAY



WE'RE GOING
 UP TO HIM!

LET'S MAKE IT
 SNAGGY DUFFY!

OH-
 CAPTAIN!



GUIDED BY THE CHATTERS OF THE MONKS,
 THEY SAVE CHASE.

MULLIS CHEER'S FROM THE TUNNEL, BY A
 CLIFF SIDE, HIGH ABOVE THE OCEAN.

SEES THE MONKEYS FIGHT. ATTACK!



WALLS IS THE FIRST TO ARRIVE ON THE SCENE - JUST AS MADDOG SHAKES OFF THE MONKEYS PROMPTLY AND TURNS A DEFEAT.



JUST AS THINGS LOOK BAD FOR WALLS, CUPS DOOM AND LANCE DASH UP.



LANCE LANDS A NICKED BLOW ON MADDOG'S ARM CAUSING HIM TO DROP THE FIGHT.



BUT THE FORCE OF THE BLOW SENDS THE RED MAN CRASHING INTO CUPS DOOM AND THEY BOTH TOPPLE OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF!



STARBLINDLY LANCE DIES AFTER THEM.

LANCE COMPS THE UNCONSCIOUS HAWKHO
AND RAFTS FOR THE SWAN BOAT IF

I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THIS FELLOW
CAN YOU MAKE
IT ALONE,
CAPT?

DEAR LADDER LEAD THE WAY.

LATER, WITH ALL HEADS SAFE ABOARD THE
BOAT.

BLOW ME DOWN—
THIS GUY SEEMS
DIFFERENT!

WHY WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

HE'S NOT CRAZY
ANYMORE! HE'S
CURED!

THE SUDDEN SHOCK OF
HITTING THE WATER CURE
HAWKHO, THE SAILOR.

AN, SENOR
BELLIS—I SO
CRAZY—I AM
SORRY—

FORGET
IT, HAWKHO.

FED ALL'S WELL
THAT END'S
WELL.

SAFELY HALP
THE GOLD IS
YOURS, LANCE.

I'LL GIVE IT
TO THE RED
CRAB, AND
BELLIS!

THEY PREPARE
TO SET SAIL.



WITH THE SAFETY OF HIS MATEY MENOR ABOARD,
THE SWAN BOAT'S ONCE MORE PUTS TO SEA.

THESE THEY GO—SAILING
OVER THE SOLIDLANDS PAIR
WIDEN I BELLS AND HAWKHO
BACK TO ORGANIZE ANOTHER
BANDITIC EXPEDITION—BUT
LANCE AND CAPT DOOM AND
THESE TWO DETS HAVE
VISIONS OF A NICE QUIET
REST ON PALMADA ISLAND.

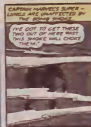
SEE YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF

**WHIZ
COMICS**



HAD THE
BUTTS
THOUGHT
WAS A
BOMBING
AND
WERE THE
THREAT
AND
LIGHTING
CAME WHEN
BUTTS
CAME
ON
BOMBING
AND
BOMBING
CAPTAIN
MARVEL.







INSTEAD OF SHOOTING BALLETS,
THEY GOAT BEGGING.

There are
any more?

Well, I'd rather
be THREATENED
THAN HAVE YOU
SAID "NO."
TO THE
GOAT.

THE VILLAINS DECIDE TO GIVE
MY SHIRT A WHOLE LOT.

IF A "GOAT" SHOWS UP THE
"GOAT" SHOW, THERE, THERE
A FEW LADIES, THERE THE
BAGS ARE, THERE THE
THERE THE, THERE THE
THERE THE.

MEANWHILE, BILLY BATSON
GETS A CUSTOMER.

HERE YOU ARE,
MISTER. LATEST
EDITION.

Man!

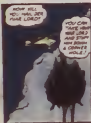
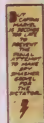
Amazingly
new stuff.

I HAVE BE BATTING
BUT I JUST GOT A
MURDER HERE A MURDER
OF THAT YOU ARE
I'LL JUST FOLLOW HIM
AND SEE.

HOW WILL YOU SAY
THAT TO HER AND LOSE?

NEVER!

A
BILLY
BATSON
SEARCHES
FOR
THE
HIDDEN
PLACE
AND
FINDS
THE
AN
UNUSUAL
MACHINE.





WITH HIS
MIGHTY
STRENGTH
CAPTAIN
MARVEL
KICKS THE
ROCK OUT
OUT OF THE AIR
AND
THROWS
IT AND
IT'S CRASH
INTO A
SMALL
SMASHER...



SMASHER IS HIS
OLD SELF AGAIN AND THAT
HEARD WILL BE SOME
OF HIS UNLEASHED VIOLENCE AGAINST
ENEMIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT...
WATCH FOR HIS MOST THRILL-
ING ADVENTURE OF ALL IN
NEXT MONTH'S
WHIZ COMICS!

PLAY SNAKE

WITH
SPY SMASHER

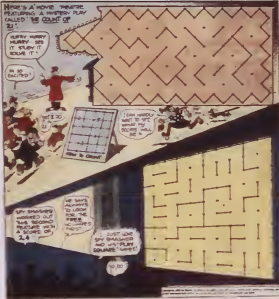


Directions!!
The object of the game is to complete the squares in less or less. Help more by marking a number (1, 2, 3, etc.) on each line that does not form a square. Lines closing squares are free. Try to do it fast! Spy Smasher

HERE'S A HOME THEATRE
FEATURING A MATHS PLAY
CALLED "THE COUNT OF
21".

HURRY HURRY
HURRY - SEE
IT. STUDY IT
SOON! IT!

IS IT
BACED?



I CAN HARDLY
WAIT TO SEE
WHAT MY
SCORE WILL
BE!

SPY SMASHER
WORKED OUT
THE SECOND
Puzzle WITH
A SCORE OF
24

WE HAVE
AGREED
TO LOOK
FOR THE
FIRST
HIDDEN
PAGES!

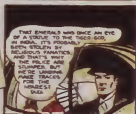
I JUST SAW
SPY SMASHER
AND HIS PLAY
SCORE! WHAT!

NO DO

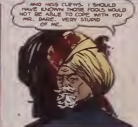
DARE

THE WORLD'S GREATEST
DETECTIVE AND HIS
ASSISTANT, CAROL BLISS,
SOLVE THE CASE OF THE

Tiger's Eye







AS THE INDIAN TALKS, HIS FOOT
MOVES TOWARD A SECRET
SWITCH IN THE FLOOR BENEATH
HIS DESK.





THE BARRED DOOR TO THE TIGER'S CAGE... WOULD BE OPENED INTO THE TIGER'S MOUTH!





AS THE TIGER GRABS THE MAN'S ARM, BARBONS LAKE LAUGHES.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS, ONE OF MY FRIENDS?



THE TIGER-GOD HAS THROAT SLASHED BY THE DETECTIVE AGENT. LUCKY! ONLY A FEW MORE TO GO!



I WAS SCARED FOR A MINUTE THERE, BARBONS. HE NEARLY HAD YOU.

NEARLY? DOESN'T COUNT, BEAUTIFUL. YOU CAN GET UP NOW. YOU'RE FREE.



AS LONG AS WE CAN GET THIS PINEAPPLE, I WON'T AS WELL BACK IT NOW.



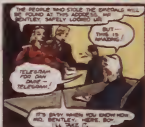
BUT WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO? NOW CAN WE GET OUT OF THIS CELL? THE DOOR IS LOCKED.



THE GANG WILL BE BACK SOON, EXPECTING TO FIND US INSIDE THEIR TIGER-GOD. THEN — WAIT! HERE THEY COME NOW!

A'S DAN HEARS THE DOOR OF THE CELL SHAKES SLIGHTLY OPEN.





TELEGRAM

SAM DAGE

COME AT ONCE. PATRIOTIC SOCIETY GOING TO ALL AM. THEY SAY I AM BAD CITIZEN.

WELL OLD FRIEND TONY GALLUP

THE NEXT MONTH'S

WHIE COMICS

which the voice had been coming. Joe gazed at it, revealed one of the city's leading fishermen. The cap was on him in one leap, pinning his leg, his body to a pole, when suddenly everything went black. He felt himself slowly falling—falling—falling.

JOE WAS suddenly jolted into consciousness by the landing on to which he was sliding—unwillingly. His head was throbbing with a sharp, stabbing pain. There was one man beside the driver in the front seat. One was seated in the back, and Joe lay half-champed into the rest of the rear seat. It suddenly dawned on the young cop, through his still cloudy mind, that he was being taken for a ride. He felt himself go all over goose pimples, as his abrupts evoked nerves fairly bristled. Joe had no idea how long they had been on the road—nor how far they were from — his **BUMPING OFF PLACE**. Why hadn't he said diplomatically to that dirty racketeer politician? That dog gone lousy temper of his had again cost him one a hot spot, and one that seemed well to be his last. What to do, kept coming through his now agitated mind. He was in a car with three gangsters who were armed to the teeth. What could he do? His whole life passed before his eyes in a fleeting panorama. The parole smiled up with his young wife and their chubby three-year-old boy. The little lad was crying, "My dad is do wrong." All of a sudden his spirit rose. He couldn't let that little chap down. No sir! He could and would get out of this mess. But how?

Joe turned a bit and felt something hard in his side pocket. Very carefully, so as not to attract the attention of the gangster sitting next to him, he got his hand into that pocket—and could have sworn his gut it was the dagger he had stashed out of the house. He quickly planned what to do. He hit out a guess, as the last man's eye, and cut in on his seat. The gangster hardly bothered to look at

him. Joe glanced out of the window. They were just pulling away the wheels—he could smell the street from. They evidently intended to take him out in a hurry and dump him in the streets. He would have to wait, then, before they got to the rest of the gang waiting for them somewhere along the water front. The car lurched to get around some obstruction, and Joe fell over against the gangster at his side. He distinctly felt a gun under the other's shoulder.

Swearing a curse the man pushed him away, and as he did so, Joe reached to under his seat for the gun.

"That's the way you are, son," whispered the cop, "or I'll be on your black blood!" He pressed the point of the dagger into the gangster's stomach. He eyes widely stared at him, the man's did as he was told. Joe yanked out the gun, and crashed it on down on the gangster's head. His victim hadn't even had time to think what the driver gave the alarm, and the other crash in the front seat landed on Joe, sending his teeth against weapon opening. The rider got back a minute at him but missed—the other already dodged, as the same time slipping out his automatic. Joe bristled up the gangster's hand for a hit—the last crashing through the car seat, but coming in close to his ear, that he could plainly hear in whining whistles, as it slipped past.

JOE BROUGHT up a short back, under the gangster's chin, and this he did not miss. With a gasp of surprise the gangster was sliding against the windshield of the speeding car. Cautious, politician caught him by his wrists, made him hold onto his gun, however. With a swirl of rage he drew a quick breath as Joe and pulled that little, lethal product of steel—the dagger. Again that deadly rise in the small space of the car and again Joe launched the gun hand off but—now got to the open window each of them. Joe gave him a deadly

eye-eye punch, and then crashed a real barometer against the other's protruding, square chin. The cop reversed the gangster to side under that last whiff, but to his surprise and chagrin, a mile round the crash to shake his head and here in his move Joe did manage, however, to hold that gun wrist in a terrible grip of steel. With a half-twist, he wriggled the gangster down himself into the back part of the car and he and Joe were face to face, no longer separated by the front seat.

The two locked in a death embrace, Joe holding off that gun hand. Then both lost their footing over the E.C.O. gangster on the floor, and Joe's head got a more crash against the door handle. He was over, but still he managed to hold off that gun hand. Then to a half dash, he felt the hand with the gun strike around on him — try as he would, he could not hold it back. At this very moment—it seemed his last — his hand felt something cold on the floor—again that dagger.

"Now you drive cop," snarled the gangster, holding his automatic against Joe's ears. "I'll blow you to—**GGG, BBBBBB**" Joe's dagger was buried deep in the crowd's throat.

"I've earned, and drive to the moments present motion," commanded Joe, holding an automatic against the driver with one hand and wiping blood away from his face with the other.

"O.K., Mr. Copper," answered the driver in a voice trembling with fear.

After Joe's prisoner had been loaded, one being hurried to the hospital, and a public wagon full of blue coats had been sent to the gang's other hideout, the dark night was turned to Joe's side.

"Better go home and leave yourself a good cleanup, and have that head of yours taken care of. What's that little you got there—automatic?"

"No, Sergeant," called Radio-Copper for E.C.O. "Just a saw-saw."

THE END



AFTER FINDING THE
 STRANGE CASTLE IN
 THE JUNGLE, DR.
 DOODY KNEW HE
 HAD NO CHANCE
 TO ESCAPE
 WITH HIS LIFE AND
 THE LIFE OF HIS
 SON. THE JUNGLE
 WAS HIS ENEMY.
 HE HAD NO CHOICE
 BUT TO FIGHT
 FOR HIS SON.



AS THE TWO WENT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR,
 A MAN IN A WHITE SUIT AND HAT,
 THE DOCTOR'S SON, WAS WAITING FOR THEM.
 HE WENT TO THE DOOR AND OPENED IT.
 HE WAS ALONE.



THERE BEFORE THEM STOOD A BEAR, A MAN
 OF BLACK MAGIC - AND TO HIS UTTER SURPRISE,
 THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT WAS THERE.
 HE WAS ALONE. HE WAS ALONE. HE WAS ALONE.
 HE WAS ALONE. HE WAS ALONE. HE WAS ALONE.



THE DOCTOR'S SON WAS ALONE. HE
 WAS ALONE. HE WAS ALONE. HE WAS ALONE.
 HE WAS ALONE. HE WAS ALONE. HE WAS ALONE.
 HE WAS ALONE. HE WAS ALONE. HE WAS ALONE.



ON BOARD, SHE STANDS
QUETLY AS THE SAILORS
ON DECK GATHER
AROUND IN CURIOSITY
AND ADMIRATION.



"HE'S A STRONG LOOKIN' GUY, BUT HE'S
NOT BRILLIANT!" "SAY SO, BUT WELL,"
SANDWICH COUNTERS HIMSELF. "HE CAN DO A
GOOD JOB ON THE GARD - SURE WITH HIM."



SOMEONE HAS
SERIOUSLY BEEN
LASHED OUT
WITH BOTH FEET.



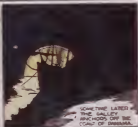
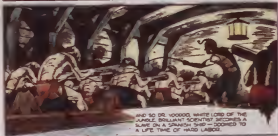
ALTHOUGH
HE STRUGGLES
VIGILANTLY, HE IS
EVEN OVERPOWERED BY
TERRIFICALLY GOOD -



HEARD A
SOUND -
THE DOWN AND



HE LIES AT THE FOOT
OF THE COMMANDER
LASHED HIS BRACE
FEELING.



HEARING THE NOISE SHOUTS
AND THE LAUGHTER OF THE
CREW WHICH HAS GONE ABOARD.
THE SLAVE MASTER COMBLES
HIMSELF WITH A BIT OF WINE.
HIS EYES BEGIN TO DROOP —



—AND SLOWLY HE FALLS ASLEEP.
A KNIFE IS QUICKLY REARED TO
HIS THROAT, AND HE QUIETLY
CUTS HIMSELF FREE.



HE HELPS THE OTHERS OUT
THE MASTERS FREE THEM
THE ENGLISH WITH HIM AT
THEIR HEADS. SLAVE TOWARD
THE DOOR ABOUT



A SLAVE ABOVE MEETS
WITH SLAVE DOUBT.



THE ENGLISH
FREE AT LAST
THE CRUEL
HAPPY NO MERCY



QUICKLY THEY
PICK OFF THE
POOR WITCH
ONE BY ONE



AND THEY
HURDLED
FORWARD TO
MAKE SAIL.





IBIS

THE INVINCIBLE



PRINCE IBIS AND HIS FORTUITOUS FIGHT AGAINST ALL ODDS, SHADOWING AFTER 3000 YEARS TO THE SAVINGS OF TOMORROW'S COME-TOGETHER WORLD EMPLOY THE ANCIENT MYSTICK NAME OF WHITE MAGIC TO CONQUER THOSE WHO ENEMIES AND BRING HELP AND GOOD TO THOSE WHO ARE NEEDY.

EGYPTIAN BOB, YOUR IMPRISON IS UNLAWFUL ON THIS ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN! THIS GREAT GOD OF REVENGE WILL DESTROY YOU!



IBIS AND BOB HAVE THOUGHTED TRUE TO HIS LAID BUT HE HAS PREPARED AN AWFUL MONSTER TO CONQUER HIM



SEE, HE RETRIBUTIVE! HE WILL BE OVER THE CLIFF IN A MOMENT—WILL FALL A PREY TO HIS DEATH!



HUT SIO, DON'T USE THE POWER FOR ME - I'M NOT WORTH IT.

NO ARGUMENTS, TOMMY BRICK SEND TOMMY BACK TO HIS SCHOOL-WADE HAMPTON ACADEMY.



SIO USES THE SCANTY STRENGTH OF HIS MAGIC TO CARRY HIS WARD, TOMMY, HOME AGAIN.

LOOK WE BR DOWN THE MOUNTAIN IS BLOCKED BY THIS GREAT FORTRESS!

WELL I DID THIS-YOU ARE CHARGE FOR EVERY SCORED MY ENEMY SCORING FOR EACH!



WELL THAT'S TRUE I DON'T CARE SO MUCH FOR MYSELF-I HAVE LIVED NO LIFE-SEE YOU MY BE-LOVED PRINCE SIO

DON'T SPEAK! IF YOU OVERLOOKS ME I WILL NOT WISH TO LIVE



LOOK MY PRINCE, THESE- HOW CAN THEY GROW IF THIS GREAT HEIGHT?

THESE, YOU SAY NO TRAIL, THEY ARE -



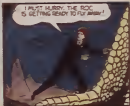
-THE LEGS OF A MIGHTY BIRD! LOOK ABOVE YOU!



MY PRINCE, I HAVE WINDS IF DOING NO NEED WE ASK TO TRAIL GIANT BIRDS- THEY ARE NOT TO NOTICE AND IT CALLED BIRDS IN THE MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS SHOULD WE NOT KNOW?

YES- IT NOTICE AND IT MAY BE OF HELP TO US





QUICK, MA, WE'LL
BE A LOT SAFER
ON THIS FLOOR.

WHAT A MIGHTY BUILD-
ING—ALL OF METAL BARS,
BY WHOM WAS IT MADE?



IT'S ALREADY
FLYING AWAY AGAIN.
WE CAN RELAX.

OH! I DO!
THERE! TOWARD
THE DOOR!



WITH STAGGERED EYES THEY SEE A HAND
UNTHINKABLY HOLD THE IMMENSE
BIRD BACK FROM ESCAPING.



OH! OH—WHAT
WAS IT?

IT WAS TOO BIG TO SEE
ALL AT ONCE—BUT I UNDER-
STAND SOMETHING. THE BIRD
IS THAT THING'S PET—NO
LARGER THAN A DOBBY IN
COMPARISON. AND WE—

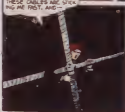
—WE ARE NO
MORE THAN ANTS!











INS IS CAUGHT LIKE A FLY IN THE MONSTROUS WEB. HOW CAN HE ESCAPE WITH HIS INSTINCT POWERLESS? EVEN IF HE ESCAPES, HOW CAN HE AND PRINCESS SARA EXIST IN THIS WORLD WHERE THEY ARE SO SMALL AND FRAIL? THIS ADVENTURE RISES TO A NEW AND HEROIC CLIMAX IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF:

**WHIZ
COMICS**

WHIZ MAGIC

HOW TO WAIT FOR CORN TO BE COOKED

HOW IT IS DONE.

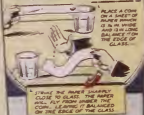
FILL GLASS FULL OF WATER. THEN LAY A THIN CARD OVER IT. ON CARD PLACE A PLATE OR PIECE OF GLASS. TURN UPRIGHT. IT WILL BE FOUND THE GLASS CAN BE HELD THE WAY WATER BOILS THROUGH THE CARD.



HOW TO REMOVE PAPER FROM UNDER CORN BALANCED ON EDGE OF GLASS WITHOUT TOUCHING CORN.

PLACE A CORN ON A SLIP OF PAPER. PAPER IS 2 IN. WIDE AND 12 IN. LONG. BALANCE IT ON THE EDGE OF GLASS.

STRETCH THE PAPER SLIPPLY CLOSE TO GLASS. THE PAPER WILL FLY FROM UNDER THE CORN, LEAVING IT BALANCED ON THE EDGE OF THE GLASS.



DRINK WITHOUT USING HANDS

1. PLACE OVER A GLASS OF WATER ANOTHER GLASS LIKE SHOWN ABOVE.

2. BEND OVER AND PUT YOUR MOUTH UNDER THE GLASS OF WATER AND DRINK.

HOW IT IS DONE...



HOW TO MAKE PAPER FLY

1. TAKE A PIECE OF COARSE BROWN WRAPPING PAPER. THE PAPER MUST BE DRY. PLACE AGAINST THUMB AND RUB QUICKLY WITH SLICE. THEN TURN LIGHTS OFF QUICKLY...

2. HOLD PAPER NEAR PAPER'S MOUTH. ONE FOR EACH EYE. WILL FLASH IN DARK.

3. TOUCH PAPER WITH BACK OF HAND... AND BANG! WITH WRAPPING PAPER WILL TAKE SHAPE...



AT LAST THEY'RE HERE!

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ONE MAN ARMY! ON SALE ABOUT
MAY 1966



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WEIRD FIGURE OF THE NIGHT WHO
DEALS OUT JUSTICE TO ENEMIES
OF THE GOVERNMENT...ON SALE
ABOUT JUNE 1966

SEE BACK COVER FOR IMPORTANT
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Saddle

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ENTER DAISY'S BIG RANGING TIGHT SHOOTIN' CONTEST NOW!

CONTEST RULES

1. The contest is open to all who are 18 years of age or over at the time of the contest.

2. The contest is open to all who are residents of the United States and its possessions.

3. The contest is open to all who are bona fide residents of the United States and its possessions.

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9. The contest is open to all who are bona fide residents of the United States and its possessions.

10. The contest is open to all who are bona fide residents of the United States and its possessions.

Prizes: Best Shotgun Score—**REGGARD JR.**

BEST SHOTGUN PRIZE

BEST SHOTGUN PRIZE

BEST SHOTGUN PRIZE

BEST SHOTGUN PRIZE

BEST SHOTGUN PRIZE

BEST SHOTGUN PRIZE

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